e Washington Post

WASHINGTON POST: SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1912

with a triumphant air:
ings up, jacks down.

same I will," said Mr.
showed down an ace

ded. Mr. Saltpeter took
tein's $300 and rolled it
his original $300, and,
bber bands around the
d it up in the inside of

would like a little plain
at the Bimbelmeier place
ttend there at 8 o'clock
rtake of my hospitality,"
ter. "I got $60, and I
odest amount in a feast

felt, cheerful toward all
seated himself at a round
meier's restaurant just be-
ning, and his greeting to
deckel and Blaustein was

a good dinner.
Mr. Birnbaumstein, who
m me, and Fluegelmann
while," Moshe said, "but
d and eat and not wait

ter, when Mr. Birnbaum-
ompanied by Mr. Fluegel-
e radiant-looking woman,
the heart of Mr. Salt-
e walked directly to the
the Chochems.
going to happen," said
the worst that ever was."
is a gambler named Mor-
sked the lady, in a boom-
th menacing manner.
ltpeter," said Morris.
to tell you is, you been
tle boy here," said the
Mr. Birnbaumstein. "You
were too much for him.
t to get a beating right
t my hands, you'll turn
y, and be glad I don't
ed for taking a child's

said Mr. Saltpeter.
roared the large woman.
money before I start on

with fury and fear in his
in his inside waistcoat
out the precious roll of
divide it. He laid it on
ok a drink of coffee to
Then—
the booming voice
took the roll of bills.
he door, and Mr. Salt-
tried to cry out to her.
tions," she said. "There
coming to you. Should
e than you robbed the
have to reimburse me
have suffered when I
boy had played cards."
. Fluegelmann and Mr.
e booming voiced lady

t as one stunned for
hless, infuriated, help-

ed Ignatz Einstein, the
who walked briskly up

Here Is a Real Snake Story

"SILENT" BOA CONSTRICTOR WAS ONLY FIFTY-FIVE FEET LONG AND FIVE FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

IF THE spring yield of snake stories keeps pace with the first one of the season of 1912 it will be a bumper crop. To be sure, this first snake story of the spring comes from the far-away Amazon, which has special advantages as a snake-story country, in that most of us haven't been there and are not prepared offhand to express an opinion. Anyway, it's quite a story for any old place.

The man who tells the snake story is Algot Lange. He is a young Dane, and he is now in New York after the most thrilling experiences in the jungle of the Amazon, which, as everybody knows, abounds in reptiles, fever and cannibals. He has told all about it in a book soon to be published, with the title "In the Amazon Jungle."

Mr. Lange is a wonderful young man. He not only avoided being eaten by cannibals, but also got on good terms with them, and was invited to their feasts on the flesh of their enemies killed in battle. His stomach, however, was only ordinary and would not allow him to accept the invitations of his hosts. But to the snake story:

During his traveling about in the jungle Mr. Lange often came upon snakes of considerable size. He had no difficulty, however, in killing them, as they were sluggish in their movements and appeared to be inoffensive. In time he came to have rather a poor opinion of the Amazon snake.

The savages, however, told him not to jump at conclusions—or words to that effect. They said there was a kind of snake that would make him sing a different song. It was the sucurujus, a kind of boa constrictor. It was a big snake. And it had the power of hypnotizing people before it coiled about them and squeezed them to death. They called this boa constrictor "the silent monster of the river." And it was evident that they dreaded this big snake more than any animal of the jungle.

And then, one bright, moonlight night, Mr. Lange and his party of natives came face to face with a sucurujus. Says Mr. Lange:

"On a soft, muddy sandbar, half hidden by dead branches, I beheld a somewhat cone-shaped mass about seven feet in height. From the base of this came the neck and head of the snake, flat on the ground, with beady eyes staring at us as we slowly advanced and stopped. The snake was coiled, forming an enormous pile of round, scaly monstrosity, large enough to crush us all to death at once. We had stopped at a distance of about 15 feet from him and looked at each other. I felt as if I were spellbound, unable to move a step further or even to think or act on my own initiative."

Think of a snake so big that he just naturally coiled up into a cone-shaped mass seven feet high! No wonder Mr. Lange stood spellbound and didn't know what to do or how to do it! He goes on:

"The snake still made no move, but in the clear moonlight I could see its body expand and contract in breathing, its yellow eyes seeming to radiate a phosphorescent light. I felt no fear or any inclination to retreat, yet I was now facing a beast that few men had ever succeeded in seeing. Thus we stood looking at each other, scarcely moving an eyelid, while the great silent monster looked at us."

That, of course, couldn't last forever. Something was bound to happen. And this is what did happen, as Mr. Lange tells it:

"I slid my right hand down to the holster of my automatic pistol, the nine millimeter Luger, and slowly removed the safety lock, at the same time staring into the faces of the men. In this manner I was less under the spell of the mesmerism of the snake and could to some extent think and act. I wheeled around while I still held control of my faculties, and, perceiving a slight movement of the snake's coils, I fired point-blank at the head, letting go the entire chamber of soft-nose bullets. Instantly the other men woke up from their trance and in turn fired, emptying their Winchesters into the huge head, which by this time was raised to a great height above us, loudly hissing in agony."

It is hardly necessary to say that even a sucurujus is bound to receive a stream of big soft-nose bullets in the head—to say nothing of the fusillade from the rifles—with more or less disastrous results. In this case they were entirely disastrous—or else this particular snake story would never have been told. In fact, the sucurujus was killed outright.

It only remains to tell the length of the snake and how big he was around. And we want it strictly understood that we don't know Mr. Algot Lange personally, and have no means of establishing his reputation for truth and veracity. With this distinct understanding we are willing to repeat what Mr. Lange says was the size of that sucurujus. He says:

"The skin measured when dried 54 feet 8 inches in length and 5 feet 1 inch in width."

against carrying away infec
well paid and can afford the
child's sickness does not spre
Typhoid fever is known to
mainly through water, milk,
vegetables. Consider how the
washed in ice-cream parlors,
is soon dirty and unfit for cle
poses, and yet thousands of p
ice cream or soda water
glasses.
Very often the Board of He
tions are not carried out in
an infectious or contagious d
doctor does not report the dis
others may be warned. The
have forbidden him to report
Very few persons would ca
rest of a person for spitting in
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every animal can be a source o
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It is for social conditions
medical knowledge and thus ass
venting and suppressing disease

COAL MINE SUPERSTI

[Answers.]

There are many quaint and cu
toms and superstitions existin
miners which are respected
mine owner.

For example, it is an old-
custom in the mines in the Nort
land and South Wales to clos
mine for one day when a man
the workings. In some mines
ing day after a fatal accident
of the funeral, but more usuall
day after the accident.

When a new hand is taken on
he must always go down with
shift, and never with the fir
time ago a couple of new ha
Yorkshire mine went down wit
shift. When the manager disco
he at once sent down to recall
new hands, and did not let th
work at all that day. The next
went down with the last shift

p 1-5 Miscellaneous section 17 March 1912 Washington Post, Washington D.C.

In This Manner I Was Less Under the Control of the Mesmerism of the Snake.

had his section of the snake to work on, using a wooden club and his machete. The men had the snake on its belly and split it open, following the spinal column throughout its length. It was out of the question to skin it from the belly, as the ventrals were far too strong for the knifeblade. About two o'clock in the afternoon we had the snake skinned and the carcass thrown in the river, where it was instantly devoured by the piranias and alligators.

While standing in front of this immense skin I could not withhold my elation.

"Gentlemen," I said, "here I am standing on this the 20th day of June, 1911, and have in front of me a snake the size of which is absolutely staggering. When I return to my people in the United States and try to tell these my friends that I have seen and perhaps killed a boa constrictor of nearly twenty yards length, why, then they will laugh at me and call me a man with a bad tongue."

Whereupon my friend the chief rose in his full height and exclaimed in an insulted tone:—"Mister, you say that your people in the North will not believe that we have snakes even larger than this one. That is an insult to us Brazilians. You tell us that in your town New York there are barracoes (huts or houses) that have thirty-five or forty stories on top of each other. How do you expect us to believe such tales?"

I was here in a sad plight, between two realities which existed but were or would be disbelieved in localities so far away from each other.

that directly under the root where the man was sitting was the head of a monstrous boa constrictor, its eyes fixed on the man. It was only a few feet away from him, but he had never been able to see it.

The men took good aim and fired, crushing the head of the snake, and this broke the spell of the man, but he was completely played out and had to lie down in the bottom of the canoe shivering like a person with the ague.

The men took pains in measuring the length of this snake before leaving. It measured 79 palmas, or 52 feet 8 inches. In circumference it measured 11 palmas, corresponding to a diameter of 28 inches. Its mouth they said was 2 palmas, or 16 inches, but how this was to be understood I do not know.

This happened while I lived at the headquarters and I had a long talk with Perreira and could not shake the statement of this man or that of the three other men, but yet I remained a sceptic as to the alleged charming or mesmeric powers of the snake, at least as far as concerns man.

We were awaiting the monthly arrival of the launch from the town of Remate de Males, three hundred miles down the river, and had spent the day weighing the rubber at the camp of one of the employes half a day's journey from headquarters, and had now loaded the rubber pellets into our large canoe to take this up to headquarters, where the shipment would take place.

We had spent the evening drinking our black coffee and eating some large, sweet pineapples, whereafter we took a nap lasting until midnight, when we all got up to start in on our nightly trip. It had been considered best to travel at night, when it was nice and cool and none of the pestering insects would torture us, and we were now all paddling the heavy canoe at a merry rate, smoking our pipes and singing in the still, dark night.

Soon we rounded a point where the mighty trees, covered with orchids and other parasite plants, sent their branches down to the very water that in its depths was hiding the dreaded water snakes—the only sound we heard was the weird calling of the night owl, "the mother of the moon," as the Indians call it. Except this and the lapping sound of the water as we sped along nothing disturbed the immensity of the night.

I was in the act of lighting another pipeful when one of the men cried out:—

"What is this?"

We all stopped paddling and looked ahead at a dark object on the moonlit sandbar not far from us. The only response was "Sucuruju."

Few people can comprehend the feeling that creeps up into one's heart when that word is pronounced in these circumstances, here in the far off forests in the middle of the night. The word meant boa constrictor, but meant a lot more at this moment. An indescribable feeling of awe seized me. I knew now that I was to face the master of the swamps, the great silent monster of the river of which so much has been said and which so few have ever met in its home.

The canoe ran ashore and we advanced in single file. I had now a chance to inspect the object. On the soft muddy sandbar, half hidden by dead branches, was a cone shaped tower of about seven feet in height. From the base I saw the neck and head of a snake flat on the ground with its beady eyes staring at us as we slowly advanced and stopped. The snake was coiled up, forming this enormous mass of round, scaly monstrosity large enough to crush us all to death at once. We stopped at a distance of about fifteen feet and looked at each other and, strange to say, I felt as if I was spellbound, unable to move any further or even to think or act on my own initiative.

The snake made no move, but in the clear moonlight I could see its body expand and contract in breathing; its yellow eyes seemed to radiate a phosphorescent light. I felt no fear, nor inclination to retreat. I was here facing a sight that few men have succeeded in seeing. Should I now retreat as a coward and afterward let these Indians ridicule the force of my proud statements of not acknowledging the force of the "sucurujus" eyes? Thus we were standing looking at each other, scarcely moving an eyelid, while the snake looked at us all as if saying, "I've got you all, no matter what you are going to do."

I slid the right hand down to the holster where I kept my automatic Luger pistol and slowly I removed the safety lock, at the same time staring the men in their faces. In this manner I was less under the control of the mesmerism of the snake and could to some extent think and act. I wheeled around while I still had

From photograph taken by Alsot Lange. The Great Snake.

We brought the skin to headquarters, where I prepared it with arsenical soap and boxed it for later shipment to New York. The skin measured, when packed and fully dried, 58 feet 1½ inches in length and 5 feet 1½ inches in width.

Mysteriously Drawn Back.

In setting out in the stream again he decided to shake off the uncanny, unexplainable feeling that had seized him back, but scarcely at a stone's throw from the bank he felt the same desire to return to the place with a desire that he had never before experienced—so he returned and looked and meditated over the Thing that he did not understand.

He had not drunk cachasa that day and was comparatively quite sober; he had not had fever for two weeks and was in the best of health, physically as well as mentally; he had never indulged so much in the dissipations of civilization that his nerves had been affected; he had lived all his life in these surroundings and knew not fear from man or beast. And now this splendid type of manhood, free and unbound in his thoughts and unprejudiced by superstitions, broke down completely and hid his face in his hands, sobbing like a child afraid of ghosts in a dark room. He had been called to this spot three times without knowing the cause—and now as the mysterious force had attracted him as the magnet draws a piece of iron—now he was unable to move and helpless as a child.

Luckily three rubber workers from headquarters were passing on their way to their hut a little above the "Creek of Hell" when they heard sobbing from the bank and called out loud. The hypnotized serino managed to answer that he had been forced to the same spot three times and was unable to get away and that he was deadly frightened of something. The three rubber workers approached in their canoe, rifles cocked and fully prepared to meet a foe as they thought at first, but only a few yards from their imprisoned comrade they stopped and saw

8 Oct 1911 p7 magazine section N.Y.N.Y. Herald

CAPTURE of A FIFTY EIGHT FOOT BOA CONSTRICTOR

EXPERIENCES of a Traveller in the Brazilian Jungle Where He Was Fascinated by the Huge, Coiled Monster Until a Fusillade of Bullets Drove It Off to Die

ALGOT LANGE'S experiences in the [illegible] region of South America have been marked by dramatic episodes, and [illegible] have already been made the following jungle encounter happened on the Ajuricaba, Ituconby River, Amazonas. Mr. Lange believes that many will [illegible] the snake killed measured more than eight feet. In this connection the [illegible] written to him by Mr. William T. [illegible], director of the New York Zoological [illegible] is of interest:—

"As I have not been able to obtain a record for either anaconda or python, [illegible] by careful and competent hands, that [illegible] twenty-five feet. I am inclined to believe that the anaconda attains a considerably [illegible] length than even the reticulated python of the East Indies, and I have no doubt that [illegible] the anaconda attains thirty feet [illegible]."

BY ALGOT LANGE.

[illegible] to the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved.]

I have been asked many times about encounters with snakes in the swampy forest regions of the [illegible], but have not had an occasion to relate my personal experience with these, partly because I have been awaiting the arrival of the skin of the snake I am going to make the subject of this article, and partly because there is always some scepticism displayed in the acceptance of snake stories which have not been analyzed and discussed by men who know."

During my one year stay in the wilderness of the Amazon I met a Brazilian who had managed to live [illegible] eight years in the region. He knew more of animal life in the forests than most men, but declared that he had never found a large boa constrictor. He did by no means dispute the existence of gigantic snakes, even in the very neighborhood where he then resided, he had no particular interest in looking for them, which is easily understood.

It took me seven months' search in the middle of the forests to reach this goal of my hopes and anticipations, which were so fully realized that for months afterward I retained the effects of the dreadful event, [illegible] in the silence of the humid, fever laden night.

It has often been asserted that a snake will charm its victim at the moment of encounter. It sounded somewhat like a nursery tale, but when I came to live among these sons of the forest, learned their manner of thinking and living, I respected their words and never had an occasion to mistrust their statements, which seemed incredible at first, but later experience would always corroborate their truth.

I will therefore relate an experience which will lead to a fuller comprehension of my personal encounter with one of these much disputed and dreaded giant snakes. I was then living at a large rubber estate called Floresta, on the upper Itecoahy River, in northwest Brazil, about twenty-eight hundred miles from the mouth of the great Amazon River. The forests were practically virgin, interspersed with pathways for the use of the rubber workers, who would frequently meet tapirs and jaguars only a few yards from their huts, and therefore never ventured out without their .44 Winchesters; neither would they on moonlight nights leave their huts by canoe to go to the [illegible] quarters, some distance away on the Itecoahy River, without being well prepared for eventual meetings with the animals of the surrounding forests.

Pereira, a rubber worker, had left headquarters after having given his weekly report on the extracted rubber, and was now paddling his [illegible] down the stream, expecting to

control of my faculties and, perceiving a slight movement of the coiled up snake heap, I fired point-blank at the head of the snake and let go the entire charger of soft-nose bullets. Instantly the men woke up from their trance and they in their turn fired, emptying their .44 Winchesters into the head of the snake, which by this time it had raised to a height above our heads, loudly hissing in its agony. Our yells echoed through the deep forest. As the snake was uncoiling itself and writhing with pain it made for the water front.

By this time we were all relieved of the terrible suspense and danced around at a respectful distance from the struggling of the reptile and the powerful lashing of its tail, which would have killed a man with one blow.

After half an hour the struggles of the snake seemed to subside, but we were yet hesitating to approach it, although it seemed very quiet and had its head and a portion of its body submerged in the water. We decided to stay here throughout the night and wait till the next day, as I was very anxious to skin the snake and take the trophy home to the States as a souvenir of a night's adventures in these remote forests.

We went up in the bushes and lit a fire, suspending our hammocks to some tree trunks, and slept soundly not more than ten yards away from the dying snake.

We all got up before sunrise at six o'clock, had our coffee in haste and ran down to see the snake. It was dead, its head practically shot to pieces. We set to work stretching the huge body out on the sand bar and by eight o'clock we had the entire snake flat ready to measure and skin.

It was a most remarkable sight. Here was a snake stretched out on the ground and around it were six Indians and one New York man, here in the woods as far away from civilization as it is possible to get.

A Boa Fifty-Eight Feet Long

I proceeded to take my measurements and used the span between my thumb and my little finger as a unit, knowing that this was exactly eight inches. Beginning at the mouth of the snake I continued to the end of the tail and found a total length of fifty-eight feet four inches. The cartridge belt that I carried around my waist would not encircle the body, but it required one span of my hand to complete the belt around the cadaver. When stretched out this measured five feet eight and a half inches.

These measurements are the results of very careful work. I took this measure from the tail to the nose over again, so as to eliminate any errors, whereupon I asked the men who were with me to take the measurements in their manner, only confirming the above mentioned figures.

We proceeded to skin the snake, which was no easy task in the burning sun that was now baking our backs. Besides, great flocks of "urubus," or vultures, had smelled the carcass and were circling above our heads waiting for their share of the spoils. Each man had his section of the snake to work on, using a wooden club and his machete. The men had the snake on its belly and split it open, following the spinal column throughout its length. It was out of the question to skin it from the belly, as the ventrals were far too strong for the knifeblade. About two o'clock in the afternoon we had the snake skinned and the carcass thrown in the river, where it was instantly devoured by the piranias and alligators.

While standing in front of this immense skin I could not withhold my elation.

"Gentlemen," I said, "here I am standing on this the 20th day of June, 1911, and have in front of me a snake the size of which is absolutely staggering. When I return to my people in the United States and try to tell these my friends that I have seen and perhaps killed a boa constrictor of nearly twenty yards

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In This Manner I Was Less Under the Control of the

South Trimble

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skilled veterinarian believe in pay
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Not only did he save The Bard,
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Uncommon When There Is
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t not for the peculiar sensitiveness

t valuable horses on the turf
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HAVE been asked many times about encounters with snakes in the swampy forest regions of the Amazon, but have not had an occasion to relate my personal experience with these, partly because I have been awaiting the arrival of the skin of the snake that I am going to make the subject of this story, and partly because there is always some scepticism displayed in the acceptance of snake stories which have not been analyzed and discussed by men who know."

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José Ferreira, a rubber worker, had left headquarters after having given his weekly report on the extracted rubber, and was now paddling his canoe at a good rate down the stream, expecting to reach his hut before midnight. Reaching a recess in the banks, formed by the confluence of a small creek called "Igarapo do Inferno," or the "Creek of Hell," he thought that he had heard the noise of some game, probably a deer or a tapir, drinking the water, and he silently took his canoe to the bank, where he fastened it to a branch, at the same time holding his rifle in readiness. However, as he did not see anything, he returned to the canoe and continued on his way down the stream.

Hardly more than ten yards away from this spot he stopped and listened. He could hear nothing but the distant howling of a monkey—this he was used to on his nightly trips—no! it was something else. He could not call it a sound; it was something that called him to the spot on the bank that he had left but a few minutes before. He fastened his canoe again to the same branch and crept up to the same place, feeling very uneasy and uncomfortable, but he saw nothing that could alarm him, nothing that he could draw the head of his rifle on. Yet there was something. For the second time did he leave this spot without being

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8 October 1911 page 7 Magazine section

New York Herald, N.Y. N.Y.

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The man who tells the snake story is Algot Lange. He is a young Dane, and he is now in New York after the most thrilling experiences in the jungle of the Amazon, which, as everybody knows, abounds in reptiles, fever and cannibals. He has told all about it in a book soon to be published, with the title "In the Amazon Jungle."

Mr. Lange is a wonderful young man. He not only avoided being eaten by cannibals, but also got on good terms with them, and was invited to their feasts on the flesh of their enemies killed in battle. His stomach, however, was only ordinary and would not allow him to accept the invitations of his hosts. But to the snake story:

During his traveling about in the jungle Mr. Lange often came upon snakes of considerable size. He had no difficulty, however, in killing them, as they were sluggish in their movements and appeared to be inoffensive. In time he came to have rather a poor opinion of the Amazon snake.

The savages, however, told him not to jump at conclusions—or words to that effect. They said there was a kind of snake that would make him sing a different song. It was the sucurujus, a kind of boa constrictor. It was a big snake. And it had the power of hypnotizing people before it coiled about them and squeezed them to death. They called this boa constrictor "the silent monster of the river." And it was evident that they dreaded this big snake more than any animal of the jungle.

And then, one bright, moonlight night, Mr. Lange and his party of natives came face to face with a sucurujus. Says Mr. Lange:

"On a soft, muddy sandbar, half hidden by dead branches, I beheld a somewhat cone-shaped mass about seven feet in height. From the base of this came the neck and head of the snake, flat on the ground, with beady eyes staring at us as we slowly advanced and stopped. The snake was coiled, forming an enormous pile of round, scaly monstrosity, large enough to crush us all to death at once. We had stopped at a distance of about 15 feet from him and looked at each other. I felt as if I were spellbound, unable to move a step further or even to think or act on my own initiative."

Think of a snake so big that he just naturally coiled up into a cone-shaped mass seven feet high! No wonder Mr. Lange stood spellbound and didn't know what to do or how to do it! He goes on:

"The snake still made no move, but in the clear moonlight I could see its body expand and contract in breathing, its yellow eyes seeming to radiate a phosphorescent light. I felt no fear or any inclination to retreat, yet I was now facing a beast that few men had ever succeeded in seeing. Thus we stood looking at each other, scarcely moving an eyelid, while the great silent monster looked at us."

That, of course, couldn't last forever. Something was bound to happen. And this is what did happen, as Mr. Lange tells it:

"I slid my right hand down to the holster of my automatic pistol, the nine millimeter Luger, and slowly removed the safety lock, at the same time staring into the faces of the men. In this manner I was less under the spell of the mesmerism of the snake and could to some extent think and act. I wheeled around while I still held control of my faculties, and, perceiving a slight movement of the snake's coils, I fired point-blank at the head, letting go the entire chamber of soft-nose bullets. Instantly the other men woke up from their trance and in turn fired, emptying their Winchesters into the huge head, which by this time was raised to a great height above us, loudly hissing in agony."

It is hardly necessary to say that even a sucurujus is bound to receive a stream of big soft-nose bullets in the head—to say nothing of the fusillade from the rifles—with more or less disastrous results. In this case they were entirely disastrous—or else this particular snake story would never have been told. In fact, the sucurujus was killed outright.

It only remains to tell the length of the snake and how big he was around. And we want it strictly understood that we don't know Mr. Algot Lange personally, and have no means of establishing his reputation for truth and veracity. With this distinct understanding we are willing to repeat what Mr. Lange says was the size of that sucurujus. He says:

"The skin measured when dried 54 feet 8 inches in length and 5 feet 1 inch in width."